

IN THE CAN

every thursday night a man comes
and rummages through my garbage
to rescue my aluminum beer cans.

the mess he leaves pisses me off
but i don't mind scraping up a few
soggy butts and melon rinds for
he transforms my vice into his
financial virtue.

mainly i'm happy
he's not someone on a research grant
analyzing me through my empties.
i don't want to hear the comments
of some expert. this guy is simply
pleased i drink a lot, no doubt offers
me a "skol" from his parting pickup.

LIFE IMITATES ART, AGAIN

in Twelve Angry Men, Jack Warden
pushes for a quick guilt count
so he won't miss the ballgame.

that case was Murder One.
ours was a drunk driving rap.

a crusty old real estate huckster
hated the cops' testimony even though
the breath machine had the kid
with a booze-breath read of 0.17,
nearly twice the legal level.

a hung jury seemed sure until
someone, remembering the old man
was a Rams fan, offered an analogy:
"what the cops said was like the
reasonable doubt of a scoreless first half,
but the intoxilizer scored
three TDs in the second half.
you like football, don't you, pop?"

"sure do, and i'll be there
for the kick-off tonight."
guilty as charged on
the next audible.